Kill Myself or Help Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/23624014.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Depression, Depressed Will Graham, Suicidal Thoughts, Pills, Someone Help Will Graham, Will Graham Needs a Hug, Anxiety, Dark Thoughts, Dark Will Graham but not in that way, Tired Will Graham, Poor Will, help him, characters mentioned but it's just will in this, Sad boi hours, will is sad, sorry - Freeform, Angst, Hurt No Comfort, At least not now, Hurt Will Graham, Angst and Feels, Struggling Will Graham, Will Graham is a Mess, Insomnia, Will-centric
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Vent Fics
Collections:	Sad Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2020-04-13 Words: 1,000 Chapters: 1/1

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by the_link_dock

Summary

Will comes to a horrifying realisation one night that makes his heart race and ache at the same time.

TW: depression, suicidal thoughts, overall not happy

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will Graham was scared.

He was scared of himself in a way that he wasn't used to.

He was used to being scared of losing himself to his darker side; the side that could seamlessly relate to psychopaths and serial killers.

He was used to being scared of letting it take over and killing someone.

He *wasn't* used to the idea of that someone being himself.

The thought came to him at night.

Will was at his house, away from people and no one to talk to.

He was laying in bed when his eyes drifted to the sleeping pills on the night stand next to him.

He walked thickly as his heart stopped.

It would be so easy, he thought. *It wold be so easy to end everything right now.*

And wasn't *that* just a terrifying thought.

Will knew, abstractly, that killing himself wouldn't do much good to the people around him.

While he knew that, *yes,* the world would probably be better off without him and *yes,* it would be best if he died now before he went psycho killer, he couldn't help but think of why he shouldn't.

And his reasons not to were fairly shitty, other than the obvious of who would take care of his dogs.

He thought about who would find him. Jack, after Will didn't answer his phone for a case? Hannibal, after Will didn't show up for his therapy? Alana, after Will didn't show up for class?

Will snorted to himself, no one cared about Will as a *person*. Just an asset, a patient, or a teacher.

The thought stung and Will found himself looking at the pill bottle again.

It would be so easy.

He thought about his high school, how the kids he graduated with might hear about Willie Graham offing himself.

It made him wonder what they would think, even though it'd been over a decade since he'd talked to any of them, or even *thought* about them.

Will thought about his students. If they'd miss him or even care. If they'd think about him with pity or not think about him at all.

Maybe they'd tell their parents, "Oh yeah, my teacher killer himself so I automatically pass the class."

Will wondered if that's how it worked and if he should just do his students a favour.

An important thing to realise was that Will didn't *hate* his life. At least, not all the time. Not even most of the time.

The truth was that Will always felt so miserable.

The realisation came while he was at a crime scene and felt like a slap to the face.

He wasn't happy, not at all, and he couldn't remember a time when he had been.

It wasn't even discontentment, he was straight up miserable. It was a constant, soul-sucking feeling that he was living day-by-day with no thoughts or hopes for the future.

He liked teaching, sure, but even *that* was no longer sacred ever since Jack-fucking-Crawford barged into his stagnant life.

Will wasn't happy before, but he could live with it. It was *bearable*.

Now, he felt himself being drained from the inside out and he was *tired*.

He'd always thought about how much easier it would be if he was dead, of course he did, but now he actually has a chance off doing it and succeeding.

And it scared him.

He looked at his ceiling with a dull eyes and for the first time in a while thought about his dad.

Beau Graham was a drunk, but a decent dad. He'd tried his best without trying to hard. He called Will on his birthday until Will stopped answering him.

He'd never hit Will or talked mean to him, but there was a distance there that Will had always felt. Will knew he would never be first in his dad's life, and he'd accepted it and moved on.

Will felt his throat close up at the mental image of his dad, old and haggard sitting in a dingy Louisianan bar, drinking whiskey until he was seeing double and staggering home to a run down trailer with no one waiting for him.

Will felt his eyes sting at how terrible of a son he was.

Sure, his dad could've done better, but at this point was it even Beau's fault? Alcoholism was all he'd known and Will didn't even try to help him.

Will thought about if anyone would know to call Beau, to tell him that his son was dead and why.

Will wondered if anyone knew he had a dad.

Will shut his eyes and took a shuddering breath.

Maybe he should.

Will opened his eyes and felt his bottom lip tremble.

He was scared of dying and that really didn't help if he wanted to kill himself.

He was scared to kill himself, he was scared at the realisation that he wanted to, he was scared at how *easy* it would be, and he was scared of dying.

A watery laugh choked its way out of his throat. What a load of bullshit.

Will closed his eyes and made a decision.

He was going to reach his hand out for his nightstand. If he touched the pill bottle, that was it. If he grabbed his phone, he would call someone. If he grabbed his glasses, he'd do it again.

Will took a breath as his heart raced and reached his hand out.

With his hand around his choice and his heart in his throat Will found himself dreading what it meant.

He wasn't ready.

He wasn't ready.

He couldn't do this.

He didn't *want* to do this.

But he'd decided already, hadn't he?

He couldn't go back to sleep now.

Will bit his bottom lip harder than he normally would and took in a gasping breath.

Will held his phone up with a shaking hand and called Hannibal, praying the man would answer.

If he didn't, Will would reach for the bottle on his nightstand.

End Notes

i read a fic where Will's dad's name was Beau and I thought it fit well so i hc it to be that

pls talk to someone if you're having thoughts like will's, don't do what he did with the game of chance; please just call someone

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